

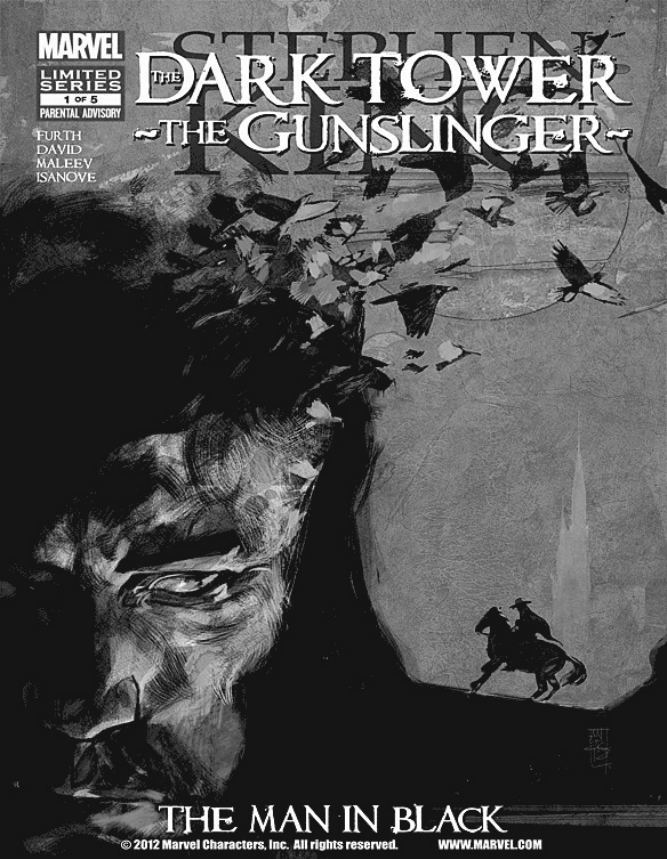
VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
LIMITED
SERIES
1 of 5
PARENTAL ADVISORY

FURTH
DAVID
MALEEV
ISANOVE

STEUBIEN THE DARK TOWER ~THE GUNSLINGER~



THE MAN IN BLACK

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

STEPHEN THE DARK TOWER

CREATIVE DIRECTOR AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
STEPHEN KING

PLOT AND CONSULTATION
ROBIN FURTH

SCRIPT
PETER DAVID

ARTIST
**ALEX
MALEEVE**

COLOR ART
**RICHARD
ISANOVE**

LETTERING
**VC'S JOE
SABINO**

COVER
ALEX MALEEVE

EDITOR IN CHIEF
AXEL ALONSO

PRODUCTION
MAYELA GUTIERREZ

VICE PRESIDENT OF CREATIVE
TOM MARVELLI

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ELLIE PYLE

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES & PUBLISHING
DAVID GABRIEL

CONSULTING EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF STRATEGIC DEVELOPMENT
RUWAN JAYATILLEKE

EDITOR
SANA AMANAT

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHUCK VERRILL, MARSHA DEFIILIPPO, BARBARA ANN MCINTYRE, BRIAN STARK,
JIM NAUSEDAS, JIM MCCANN, ARJUNE SINGH, JEFF SUTER, JOHN BARBER, LAUREN SANKOVICH, MIKE HORWITZ,
CHARLIE BECKERMAN AND CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON DARK TOWER COMICS, VISIT MARVEL.COM/DARKTOWER

TO FIND MARVEL COMICS AT A LOCAL COMIC AND HOBBY SHOP, GO TO WWW.COMICSHOPLOCATOR.COM OR CALL 1 888 COMICBOOK.

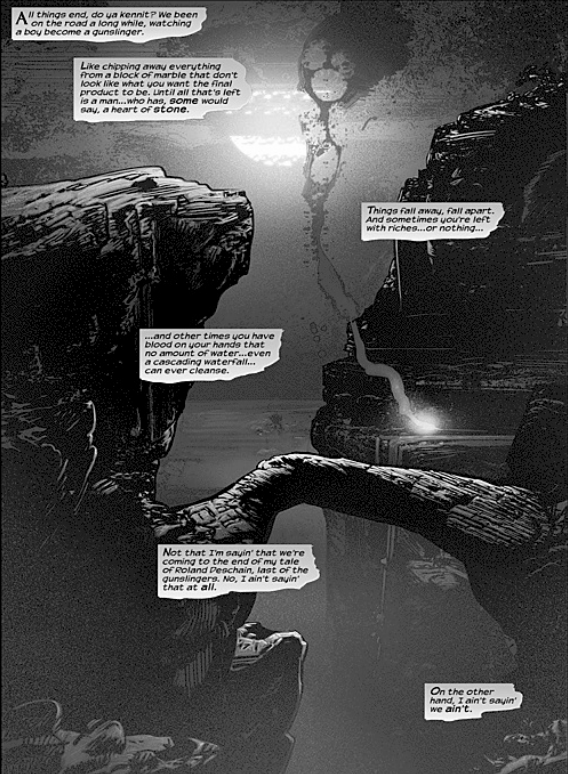
DARK TOWER: THE GUNSLINGER - THE MAN IN BLACK No. 1, August 2012. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. © 2012 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM & © Marvel Characters, Inc. \$5.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127035863) in the direct market. Canadian Agreement #4060537. Printed in the USA. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & GM of Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREYDOFT, SVP of Publishing; CARLO BOGART, SVP of Operations & Procurement; RUWAN JAYATILLEKE, SVP & Associate Publisher; C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Distribution; MICHAEL FASCIOLLO, SVP of Brand Planning & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CAMR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Nina Diaz, Director of Marvel Partnerships, at ndiaz@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. Manufactured between 05/25/2012 and 06/05/2012 by H.B. CONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.

PREVIOUSLY...

Roland Deschain is the last gunslinger in the line of Arthur Eld. His quest is the pursuit of the elusive Man in Black and Roland will not stop until he brings him to the Dark Tower itself.

An immeasurable amount of time has passed since Roland began his expedition. Since then he's escaped murderers and marauders, the bewitched and the demonic, all in the name of a promise he once made. After meeting Jake, a young boy from another earth where cars roam streets and clothes are sold on mannequins, Roland learns he's closer to his prey than ever before.

For Jake is the gateway to the Man in Black.



All things end, do ya kenneit? We been
on the road a long while, watching
a boy become a gunslinger.

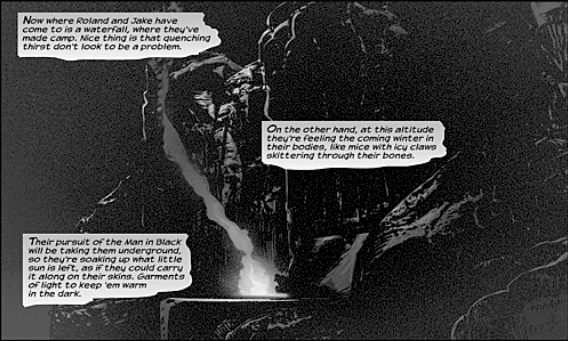
Like chipping away everything
from a block of marble that don't
look like what you want the final
product to be. Until all that's left
is a man...who has, some would
say, a heart of stone.

Things fall away, fall apart.
And sometimes you're left
with riches...or nothing...

...and other times you have
blood on your hands that
no amount of water...even
a cascading waterfall...
can ever cleanse.

Not that I'm sayin' that we're
coming to the end of my tale
of Roland Deschain, last of the
gunslingers. No, I ain't sayin'
that at all.

On the other
hand, I ain't sayin'
we ain't.



Now where Roland and Jake have come to is a waterfall, where they've made camp. Nice thing is that quenching thirst don't look to be a problem.

On the other hand, at this altitude they're feeling the coming winter in their bodies, like mice with icy claws skittering through their bones.

Their pursuit of the Man in Black will be taking them underground, so they're soaking up what little sun is left, as if they could carry it along on their skins. Garments of light to keep 'em warm in the dark.



Jake sleeps. Roland don't. Instead, he breathes shallowly, trying to keep the stinging air from coating his lungs.

He's spent his time concocting torches, crafted from rabbit skins soaked in fat and then wrapped around long, thin branches. He will need them later.

Now he tends the campfire, brooding, not knowing what to think about.



The past is too depressing, the present too damned old, and the future, well...

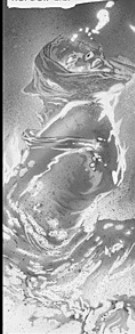
Some claim that devil grass on a fire brings the future into focus. That demons dance within the flames of devil grass fires.



Seems Roland's familiar with that rumor.

Unfortunately, the future remains a closed book. But the ghosts of the past, ah, they're never far away.

Poor, doomed Susan Pelgado, whose love for Roland never burned as brightly as when she herself did.



Roland's traitorous mother, shot by his own hand. But she deserved it, didn't she?

And what of his tet-mate, Alain? Did he likewise deserve to die under the friendly fire of Roland's gun?

Probably about as much as Roland's loving Allie did in the debacle of Tull.

A town where the whole population was slaughtered by one man. By Roland.

At some point you have t'wonder: where's the dividing line 'tween Roland and the forces of evil he opposes?



In terms of body count, he may have 'em beat.

As for his conscience, they have the advantage: they got no conscience. But Roland, as the fire imps laugh at him...

...he has to be thinking about everyone he's betrayed, either by accident or design.

And wonderin' if Jake will be the next.



Maybe not even "if". More like "when."



Yes, definitely "when," gunslinger. Oh, don't look so surprised; your thoughts are no secret to me.

You'll have to sacrifice him because you're too staked to your goal. Only reaching the Dark Tower justifies the ocean of blood you've waded through.

If you never reach it, all you ever were was a serial killer. No different than me, and maybe even worse.

Enough, Walter or Marten or whatever you call yourself now. Face me in the flesh rather than resorting to mummer's tricks, prompted by your cowardice.



Why should I? To assuage my bruised ego because you just insulted me? Please!

Make such a meeting worth my time, gunslinger. Let the boy die and you'll have your powder on the other side of the mountain.

Never!

So many "nevers" between us, Roland, and a corpse for every one. Actually more like a ten to one ratio by this point.



Pace facts, gunslinger: you are more of a son to me than you ever were to your late father.

My spiritual heir in every way. Truth to tell, I watch your progress...see the body count, witness the broken promises, the betrayal...

...and you fill me with more pride than even you did poor, pathetic Steven Deschain.

Here's the truth of things, Roland:



You have
long forgotten
the face of your
father. And when
you do try to
remember
it...



...the only
face you see
is mine.



Oh, Roland!
Do you truly think
dousing the flame can
extinguish the reality
we both know?



Do you
believe you
can kill all your
enemies so
easily?

We will meet
on the other side,
Roland. Just the
two of us.



Roland?
Why'd you put
the fire out?
Didn't we need
it to stay
warm?



A better way to stay warm is to keep moving. And that's what we're doing.

We're going to start moving through the passages below the mountain.

Look...I've been thinking about the creatures you told me live there. And I was just...



I mean... would turning back really be so bad?



Yes.

We must find the Man in Black and force him to take us to the Dark Tower.



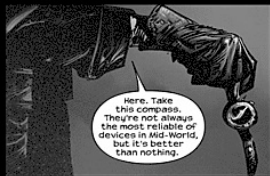
No matter the price?



Over twelve years, I've already paid the price, in the blood and lives of everyone I've ever loved.



So what's one more then, right?



Here. Take this compass. They're not always the most reliable of devices in Mid-World, but it's better than nothing.



Where am I taking it?



Back.

This is a quest, Jake. A *true* quest. *Man's* work.

Not child's play.



May Ka guide you well.







He goes through a large cleft in search of a giant phallic symbol. Yeah, not too symbolic.



Okay... let's hope this works.

C'mon, Jake! Flint and steel. You can do this. If *neanderthals* could, so can...



Holy crap! I did it!



Okay. Now I just gotta find Roland.



Or maybe the opening ceremonies for the Olympics.



Man, I hope there's nothing in here that's attracted to fire. Like spiders or I dunno what.

At least it should keep snakes away.



No...wait. I think I read that snakes are drawn to fire 'cause it's warm.



Great. Now I feel like there's some big snake around here, watching me.



Let it begin. Through the destruction of the Box comes the damnation of the man...

What the hell--?

Who's there?!



The wind, Jake. Nothing but the whispering of the wind.

There's enough stuff out there that can hurt you...like the Man in Black...

...that you can't start going mental over a stray breeze.





The ground under his feet is uneven, and then something snags his foot.

His instinct is to reach out, to try and break his fall...



And then his whole world boils down to nothing but high-pitched squeaks and sharp claws digging in all around him.

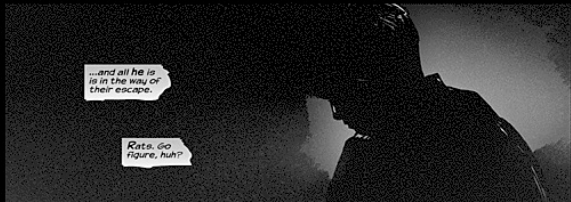


...and that just winds up costing him his torch.



He must be thinking this is it. He's going to be torn apart by mutant rats.

It never once occurs to him that they're fleeing in stupid rat fear...



...and all he is is in the way of their escape.

Rats. Go figure, huh?



Gone.
I...I don't
believe it.



It must be
like the old thing
about how they're
more afraid of me
than I am of
them.

Yeah, well...
they didn't almost
crap themselves just
then, so screw
that idea.



Still got the steel and flint here
in my pocket. And that devil grass
stuff. So just keep it together...
hope the rats don't come
back until...

What's that
rhyme of Roland's?
Spark-a-dark, where's my
sire? Will I lay me? Will
I stay me? Bless this
camp with...



...fire!
Outstanding!



"Will I lay
me?" What's
that about?



After long minutes of feeling around,
Jake finds the torch and manages to light
it up again. The whole time he keeps
thinking he feels the rats on him again.



Tracks?
So this is...

Cripes.
This isn't some
natural cave! It's
a **tunnel**! It's
man-made!

Or mutant-
made or
whatever.



Roland!
Can you hear
me?!

This is useless.
With all the echoes,
even if he heard me,
he wouldn't know
where I was.

Compass
is going nuts,
too. Okay,
well...

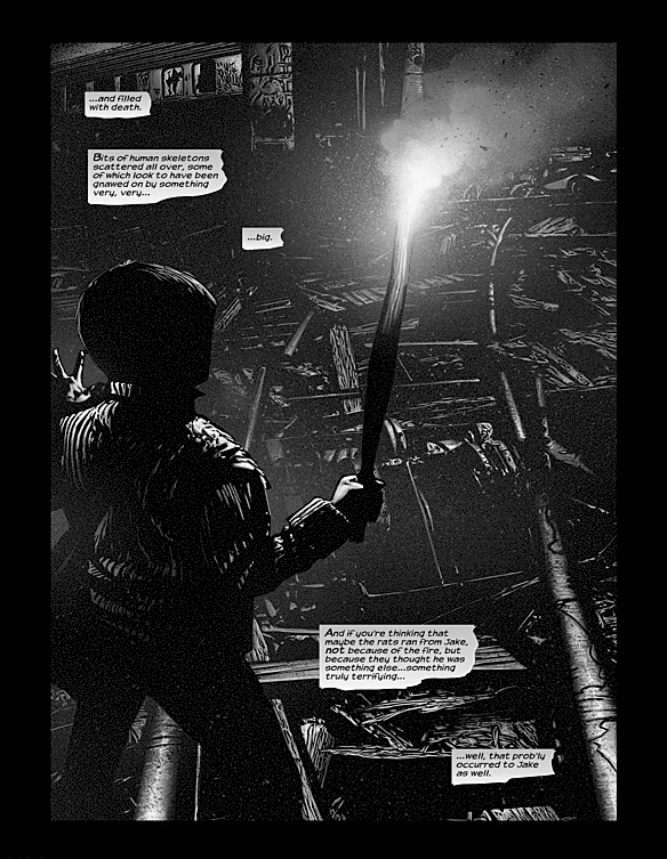


Just gotta
follow the track,
then. Hope that maybe
he followed it, too,
and it'll lead me
to him.

*I'd love to tell ya how long
Jake makes his way through
the dark. But I'll wager even
he don't know.*



*But after however long it was,
eventually he starts to make
something out ahead. something
big and wide...*



...and filled
with death.

*Bits of human skeletons
scattered all over, some
of which look to have been
gnawed on by something
very, very...*

...big.

*And if you're thinking that
maybe the rats ran from Jake,
NOT because of the fire, but
because they thought he was
something else...something
truly terrifying...*

*...well, that probably
occurred to Jake
as well.*

Which could be one of any number of reasons why Jake rabbits out of there.



That, along with having seen in his flickering torchlight that the tunnel was a dead end, having been blocked some time in the past by fallen rocks.

His breathing sounding strained, his heart like to bursting out of his chest, he don't stop running 'til he gets a far enough distance to feel safe.



He finds a makeshift holder for his torch...

...and then tends to his makeshift campfire.



Least the fire is something he can take pride in...

...since he feels nothing but shame for the rest of this sorry episode, what with all his panicking and running and shrieking.



But don't be too hard on im. Which of us can look into our souls and say we'd've done better, eh? We ain't all Roland, is we?

And I'm thinking that ain't necessarily a bad thing.



Problem is, Roland would have known that feeding a fire with devil grass can have side effects. He'd have, at the very least, been ready for it.

But Jake, well...not so much.

What the hell--?



Jesus, why is it that *anything* I touch in this whole world goes totally screwy?!

Touch? The touch? He speaks of the touch, brothers.

He uses words without knowing their meaning.



He sees without seeing. Knows without knowing.

Open your inner eye, boy. Know what there is to be known. Rest your hand on that rolling...and use the touch.



Excellent, well done. Superb use of the touch, especially for an amateur.

Am I... am I back home...?

No, wait, it's...it's kind of like home...a lot like home...but it's...it's different...

It's the past of this world, boy. A time beyond what Roland and his ilk ever knew, or even dreamed existed.

A time so advanced that, to the people of Mid-World now, it borders on magic.



It's so much closer to my world, though. Can I stay here?

You should know better, boy. Living in the past leads to nothing. You must live in the present for the future.

And if I don't have a future?

Oooo. Good point.





That was the
Man in Black!
Holy crap, everyone
in here's gonna
die!

Knock it
off, kid! You
want to create
some kind of
panic in--?

Hey, whose
bag is that?
Kid, is that
your--?

Gas! It's gas!
Everyone on
the floor! Breathe
shallowly! Don't
panic.



Don't panic.
yeeeeeaaaaahhh, that
always works.

So there's Jake, suddenly
transformed from helpless
observer to unwilling participant,
as people try to run, colliding,
stamping.

And one person, believing
he's the **only** one thinking
clearly, lunges for the brake
cord. He figures that if he
can stop the train, they
can all get out of the car.

Problem is, the emergency brake sends
off sparks. There's gas everywhere.
And gas and sparks, well...they don't
mix so good.



MAIN STREET

8013

LOCAL



Meanwhile, walking
another track
entirely...

What am
I doing?



Seriously...
how obsessed have
I become?

The Tower's
waited twelve years.
Why can't it wait another
twelve while I take Jake
somewhere safe?

Raise him to
manhood...

...and give
him a chance
for a full life. Know
a woman's love,
have children
maybe--



What's that
rumbling? Quake?
Cave-in? Or--?

Jake!
Jake, is
that--?



And then his world
explodes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WIND THROUGH THE KEYHOLE. CONTINUITY AND THE DARK TOWER COMICS

Dark Tower fans have long awaited Stephen King's return to Mid-World, and in April of this year, our patient waiting was rewarded. The latest installment of our wandering gunslinger's saga is called *The Wind Through the Keyhole*, and it is dedicated to the Dark Tower gang here at Marvel Comics! Although it is officially the eighth book of the Dark Tower sequence, in actuality the story slots in nicely between *Wizard and Glass* and *Wolves of the Calla*. For those of you who haven't yet bought the book, I won't give any spoilers. However I will share some really interesting information about how the book is written. Instead of creating a single linear narrative which moves through time sequentially, Steve King has created a novel that contains three interlinked tales. We begin with our old friends Eddie, Susannah, Jake and Oy, who have just left the Green Palace and are now journeying toward the River Whye and (unknowingly) toward their adventures in Calla Bryn Sturgis. Yet as soon as they cross the Whye, they are hit by a huge storm called a starkblast, and must take cover in an abandoned meetinghouse. There, by the warmth of the fire, Roland recounts a story within a story. The first tale is from his own past, and takes place just after the death of his mother, when he and his friend Jamie DeCurry were sent to Debaria to investigate murders committed by a shapeshifter known as a skin-man. But within that tale, the much younger Roland also tells a story. That third narrative is a fairytale about a boy named Tim Ross, who journeys through the Endless Forest in search of the great magician Maerlyn. Linking all three stories are the winds of the starkblast.

If you haven't yet read *The Wind Through the Keyhole*, I heartily recommend



it. It is a beautiful book, full of adventure and magic and all the inventiveness that we have come to expect in a Dark Tower novel. In his introduction, Stephen King states that he wanted *Wind* to be accessible to new readers, so even if you haven't read the other seven books of the series, you can dive into *Wind Through the Keyhole* and enjoy it. Happy Reading!

Funnily enough, discussing my love for *Wind Through the Keyhole* reminds me of a very humorous anecdote which Marsha DeFilippo, the wonderful moderator of StephenKing.com, shared with me a few days ago. Constant Readers adore *Wind*, she said, but a few fans wrote to the website, concerned about the fact that Steve King's new tale breaks continuity with our comics! I must say I had to laugh, since it is

our job to follow him. However, as someone who has spent the last ten years of my life tracking continuity issues, I appreciate the diligence of my fellow DT fans. When I think about differences between the novels and the comics—and there are many of them—I always keep in mind Jake Chambers' famous phrase, "there are other worlds than these." The Dark Tower contains many levels, and within those levels are parallel worlds which mirror each other, but which are not exactly alike.

I always view the Dark Tower comics as existing in one of these parallel worlds. If the Dark Tower novels exist in Tower Keystone, or the central world of the Dark Tower universe, then the Dark Tower comics exist in a spinoff world, one which is very similar to, but not exactly the same as, the one where *The Gunslinger*, *The Drawing of the Three*, *The Waste Lands*, *Wizard and Glass*, and the rest of the Dark Tower novels take place. When you think about it, this idea of parallel worlds isn't so very different from contemporary theories in quantum physics. According to these theories, every time we make a decision and follow a certain path in life, another reality is born where we make a different decision and follow a different life path. For example, imagine that you are walking down the street. You come to a crossroad. You have a decision to make—you can either turn left and go home or you can

turn right and go to the shop and buy a lottery ticket. You tell yourself that buying a lottery ticket is stupid, so you go home and take a nap. However in a parallel reality, a different version of you turned right and bought a lottery ticket . . . and won! (But don't be too sad that in this

where and when you didn't buy that lottery ticket. On another level of the Tower, you were hit by a van before you even reached the store.)

As you will see when you read this month's comic, our present tale is not *exactly* like the one recounted in *The Gunslinger*, though the characters, the energy, and our end point, are the same. As in the original version of the tale, Roland and Jake have just met the Man in Black, a story recounted at the end of *The Way Station*. During that interchange, Roland's nemesis announced that he and Roland would meet on the other side of the mountains and hold palaver . . .

alone. In both Stephen King's original tale and our version of the story, the Man in Black succeeds in

making Jake suspect Roland's honesty, and in making Roland doubt himself. But at this particular point in the narrative, our story (recounted in the present comic), and Steve King's tale, diverge. In Stephen King's original version, Roland and Jake enter the mountain tunnels *together*, and they do so *immediately*. In our version of the story, Roland and Jake set up camp, the Man in Black appears as a fire demon,





I hoped that by expanding this section of Roland and Jake's journey, I could emphasize the complicated emotions—love, suspicion, self-doubt, self-hatred, fear of betrayal and abandonment—which weave their way through Roland and Jake's relationship.

Throughout "The Slow Mutants" (part of which is adapted here) there is a tremendous tension in Roland and Jake's relationship. Roland is coming to love Jake as a son, but there is still a part of him that is completely and ruthlessly devoted to his quest, and which is willing to sacrifice anything to reach the Tower. In King's tale, this coldness is described very vividly, but it in a way that is very difficult to portray in comics. When Jake says that he does not want to follow Roland beneath the mountains, Roland's response is surprisingly chilly. "Come with me or stay," he says impassively. But though Roland's words seem to lack emotion, in his mind, something dangerous is taking place. Roland is beginning to see Jake not as a vulnerable young boy, but as a potential pawn in the game he plays with the Man in Black: "That was the moment at which the small figure before him ceased to be Jake and became only the boy, an impersonality to be moved and used."

Since the comic book you now hold in your hands is the first issue of a new graphic tale, I wanted

tempting Roland to betray his young companion, and then Roland journeys into the mountain alone, seemingly abandoning Jake.

It might seem strange that I chose to alter the original tale, but as always my goal was to create an atmosphere which exists in the books but which is expressed only through nuance and internal dialogue.

to remind readers of the Man in Black's corrupting influence upon Roland (what happened at the end of *The Way Station*), but I also wanted to draw a subliminal connection between the Man in Black and the evil devils that dance in devil grass fires—little demons that twist men's minds and drive them mad. Hence, I decided to make the Man in Black into a



flame-creature.

By temporarily separating Roland and Jake, I wanted to emphasize something which is extremely apparent in the book: Jake does not completely trust Roland, and for good reason. However, the gifts Roland gives to his young companion—his compass, his flint and steel, and one torch—are signs that our gunslinger still has a heart, and his heart contains affection for Jake, no matter how complicated that affection might be. (And by the way, bringing in Roland's compass was an excellent excuse to introduce the fact that in Mid-World, directions no longer hold true!)

Plotting Jake's solitary adventure was not easy. I wanted to make sure that I didn't move too far away from King territory, so for Jake's lonely trek I turned

to Larry's and Rita's horrible journey through the Lincoln Tunnel in *The Stand*, and Jack Sawyer's solitary journey through the Oatley Tunnel in *The Talisman*. And as for the rats? Well, I'd recently reread "Graveyard Shift," and rats were on my mind. As for Jake's encounter with an act of terrorism, I'd also recently reread "The Things they Left Behind," and so couldn't help but think about the ruthless acts of cruelty we humans commit in the name of politics or religious causes.

Until next month—

Long Days and Pleasant Nights!

Robin Furth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHANIE HANS

ART EVOLUTION

PLOT BY ROBIN FURTH

1. The camera stares up at Roland, who looms above Jake. Our gunslinger has finished packing his gunna. He wears his pack, sewn from animal skins. His leather swagbag hangs from his shoulder (this looks like a worn saddlebag). Several waterskins crisscross over his chest. The unlit torches dangle from one hand. (NOTE: He leaves the unfinished torch behind. He also leaves one of his flint-and-steel sets.) The wind has begun to scream around them. Snow is on the way. Despite his earlier self-doubt, Roland is resolute once more. His heart will not interfere with his quest. He will not kill the boy, but he will not abandon his purpose for him either. "Come with me or stay," he repeats. Jake's head is still hanging. He is not looking at Roland, and he is not answering him either.

2. Roland has pulled out the silva compass that a madman gave to him at the beginning of THE JOURNEY BEGINS. He tells Jake that if he wants to return to the way station so that he can find his way back to his own world, he can use Roland's compass.

3. Shot of the compass. Its needle spins erratically. Roland warns Jake that in Mid-World, the directions don't always hold. Compasses aren't necessarily that reliable, but nothing is reliable anymore. The world is moving on and wearing down. The sun doesn't even rise in the east and set in the west anymore.

4. We see the exchange—Roland is placing the compass in Jake's outstretched hand.

5. Roland has now entered the cleft in the rock—the same one that the Man in Black entered at the end of THE WAY STATION. Just to the right of Roland the waterfall cascades downward. In this panel, Jake holds his ground. We almost think he will stay by himself. He is clutching the compass and is staring at Roland's back.

6. Roland has now entered the cleft. We can't see him any longer. Jake is still holding his ground, clutching the compass. Only now his back is to the cleft. He is staring at the steep, rough, zigzagging path that he and Roland have climbed to get to this point. The wind whips around him, cold and icy. We can see the ashes of the fire near his feet. Jake looks very young and very lonely.

JAKE (to himself): If I went with him, he'd be the death of me.

THUMBNAILS BY ALEX MALEEV



INKS BY ALEX MALEEV



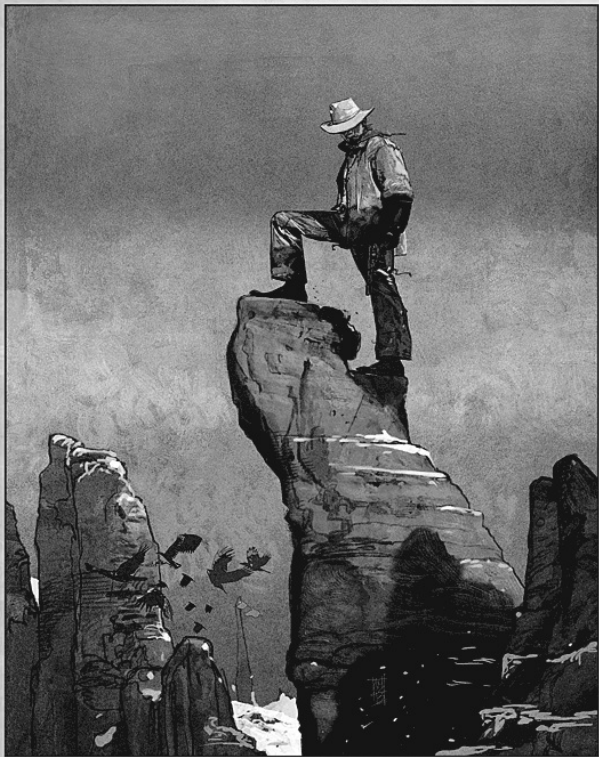
COLORS BY RICHARD ISANOVE



COVER FOR ISSUE #1 SKETCH BY ALEX MALEEV



NEXT: "IF ONLY YOU KNEW IT WAS ME. NOT YOUR BELOVED
TOWER SHAPING YOUR DESTINY."





The Man in Black flees across the desert with the gunslinger Roland in close pursuit. In his travels, Roland has battled the possessed and the demonic, while meeting an unlikely ally named Jake Chambers, a young boy from another earth. Now, as the distance between Roland and the Man in Black diminishes, Roland is met with a chilling prophecy: he will find the Dark Tower and obtain his vengeance, but will pay for it with the blood of young Jake.

From the renowned creative team of Robin Furth, Peter David, Richard Isanove, and Alex Maleev comes the final chapter in the Dark Tower saga. With fantasy, horror, revenge, drama, and a dash of the Old West, such a story could only come from storytelling legend Stephen King.

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & SEXUAL CONTENT